

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Sedgwick County Republican Ticket.
 For District Judge.....C. REED
 For State Senator.....H. L. GORDON
 For Sheriff.....HENRY SCHAD
 For Treasurer.....MORRIS LLOYD
 For Register.....JOHN STANLEY
 For Clerk.....A. M. DENNY
 For Surveyor.....A. H. JACKMAN
 For Coroner.....W. MCCLAN
 For Commissioner.....J. W. PITTINGER
 Third District.....

It is unanimous that the "bicycle face" is the face that is defaced.

Mrs. James Corbett appears to have been as multitudinous as Mrs. Henry Plantagenet.

It is said there are bears in the woods where Ben Harrison is taking his outing. Are they silver-tips?

Mrs. Corbett, in all likelihood, will find it easier to get away from her husband than Fitzsimmons will.

If that school teacher succeeds in reforming Bill Doolin he will owe her a debt that can never be outlawed.

Ingalls' candidacy is growing, and it may be that, in the language of the cyclist, he will come in "sitting up."

None of the eastern reporters has yet been able to discover the spot where Tom Reed comes up to breathe.

The cowardly Bulgarian assassins issued an edict to the effect of "hands off, Stambuloff," and then executed it.

So the Prohibits of Cottonwood Falls, it seems, made up the personnel of a lynching party. The law must be enforced.

Phil Armour says that people are not eating as much meat as they used to. Their pocket-books have the dyspepsia.

As Susan B. Anthony's temper has passed through its annual exfoliation, Kansas will resume its estimate on the corn crop.

New discoveries have been made on the ruins of Troy and the Allison boom has been resurrected pretty much in Iowa, itself.

If, as Dr. Brissin insists, there is a microbe of old age, that must have been a memorable battle they had with old Methuselah.

The fact that a cheap edition of Tribby does not sell would indicate that the poor people do not care to read of dissolute females.

China has only 100 physicians for 400,000,000 people. No wonder the death-rate during the Japanese war attracted so much attention.

In the last battle in Cuba the insurgents were whipped out of their boots. Owing to the careless handling of weapons several men were hurt.

When completed the state house at Topeka, the state architect says, will be an imposing structure. The impostors inside it have all gone.

John Burns was one of the few Liberals elected in England. He hated America so thoroughly that the English couldn't think of defeating him.

In his latest poem Edwin Arnold says, "But at Kani-ko-bani-no-hushi, tonight there is ending of pain." Perhaps he misunderstood the brakeman.

It is feared that the trusting place of Bill Doolin and that school teacher is in the cool, shady recesses of some newspaper man's capacious imagination.

The Christian Endeavor is against "allying itself with a political party." It is right. There is no room in the country for a Political Endeavor society.

While that Parisian reporter was finding out all Minister Enstis' inner thoughts he should not have neglected to have asked him about his opinion on silver.

In a New York court, Remenyi testified to having played on 10,000 fiddles in his time. He neglected to enumerate the number of babies he has reprimanded.

The Christian Endeavor memorialized Queen Victoria to whip the daylight out of the Turks. They also suggested it to Cleveland, merely as a matter of etiquette.

Japan is to build a steel tower 1,000 feet high to commemorate its victory over China. Sometime should also be placed on top to warn the country of the approach of Russia.

Sybil Sanderson denies that she has left the stage for reasons too delicate to mention. "I am here," she says to the reporter. "You can see for yourself." Now that is delicate!

At Dallas the feeling appears to be that it would be nice to have the attorney general with them, but if he will be contrary, they will have to hold the fight without his consent.

By the Tory victory in England the existence of the house of lords is settled for another century, it is said. England might abolish the lords if it did not look so much like an imitation of America.

That "local sentiment" idea is floating around like a boomerang with the delirium tremens. The journalists of Cottonwood Falls, for instance are preparing to prosecute a lynching party that was made up of Prohibits.

Lady Harcourt, an American girl, during the English election was assaulted with turnips and dead cats; her face was begrimed and her dress ruined. The English commonality doesn't appear to relish the idea of American heiresses marrying into English families, either.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Carlyle.

MUST MAKE ANSWER.

Whether a dollar is a mere ideal unit of account, a numerical conception by means of which we measure values; whether it is 25.8 grains of gold, or a promise to pay that much gold, or its equivalent; or, whether it is a valueless thing given exchangeable value because of its legal tender qualities, which is but government's fiat, therefore current and available, or what not, we would be pleased to hear from some of the "sound dollar" harpies as to their estimate of the present commercial price of gold, how the price of gold is determined and what it would be worth were it not made into dollars by free mintage, \$1 for every 25.8 grains fine mintage, and if the Bank of England were not compelled by the act of parliament of 1844 to buy with its legal tender notes all gold offered for sale at the rate of 77 shillings and 9 pence per ounce 916.23 fine?

In all the talk of the "honest bankers" in that great sound money convention held in Saratoga, N. Y., last week, no man attempted to answer or elucidate the seemingly simple question of "what is a dollar?" or what its value, if it has any outside of the commercial world's concurrent estimate that so many grains of gold shall represent an agreed upon exchangeable power.

These "honest" fellows must answer these questions soon, and in answering must make it plain why more dollars would not prove beneficial, and if so why silver is not the most available for the increase of such currency metallic dollars which are held to carry their face values in their bodies, or the people will answer for them.

Touching the demand of the world for more money and the demand for silver money equalling gold as a currency, Simon W. Hanauer, a late banker of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, accepts Mullhall's estimates of the wealth of the nations as correct, the United States at \$65,000,000,000; Great Britain at \$46,000,000,000; France, \$41,786,000,000; Germany, \$31,283,000,000; European Russia, \$24,732,000,000; Austria, \$18,735,000,000; Italy, \$14,300,000,000; total for the seven countries about \$242,000,000,000. If we assume the "low estimate" that the wealth of the rest of the world amounts to an equal sum, the grand total of the civilized world's wealth would be \$484,000,000,000. Taking but one-tenth of this wealth to be in ordinary time—in a floating position seeking conversion into money, it would require \$48,400,000,000 of money to act as proxy or exchange factor for these values.

As the world has but about four thousand million dollars in gold and about the same amount in silver, the deficit of thirty-eight thousand four hundred million dollars is made up by paper promises, which are to stand proxy for gold and silver. In times of crisis the paper proxies are of no avail, and the amount of values seeking conversion into money (gold and silver) is at least twice as much as in ordinary peaceful times. If silver is de-nationalized as money gold alone is left; the current which was fed by two streams has lost one-half its volume by one of these having been turned off into waste; yet this weakened current is supposed to move and carry as much as before.

When it is further considered that in a crisis at least one-third of the stock of gold is withdrawn from circulation and hoarded up—it will be found that only 2,700,000,000 gold remain then to convert, redeem or absorb about 57,000,000,000 dollars of the world's values.

The natural law "the weaker the current, the less the power" applies as well to economics as to physics. By the full use of the greatest possible amount of gold and silver the current of currency is increased, and consequently its power to move and carry is enhanced.

The few bankers who control the diminished currency (gold) find it to their advantage to keep the governments and the peoples in their present state of ignorance on the nature of currency and the law of economics.

SMOKING AND APPLAUSE IN CHURCH.
 The question of church etiquette and its influence on the sanctity of church edifices is brought to mind by the account of a curious experiment in London last Sunday. A free smoke prayer meeting was given in Christ church chapel in the East End. Two hundred of the poorest of the poor attended. Some of the men took their tobacco along. Most of them came with empty pipes. These were filled by the men who were managing the meeting. While the choir sang, and the preacher prayed, nearly all men, went ahead puffing their pipes and enjoying it hugely. The chapel was filled with smoke. A hymn was attempted but was not very successful, as the men could not smoke and sing at the same time, and they did not care to quit smoking. Later a little woman got up and sang a hymn with much sweetness. They were an orderly set and did not venture to applaud until granted permission to do so.

The meeting was voted a huge success. All must agree that it was perfectly proper to entice these men into a church by the inducement of free tobacco. Without the privilege of smoking they could not have been gathered together at all.

But while for this particular occasion it may have been commendable to allow this unusual thing in church, it is part and parcel of an innovation on the part of the church which may not work for the best. The church is known and supposed to be the house of God. It is a temple where the deep, gentle spirituality of mankind is poured out as a libation to an all-spirited God. Spiritual communion is best conducted in quietude, if not solitude. There is no more truly religious and soul-calming moment on this earth than the still interval before services, while a congregation is gathering. Introduce the audible voice from the street corner, the hand-clap from the theater, and the wrangling protestation from the political convention and the spell is gone. Of all its potencies sacredness has none to equal silence, for silence is peace and the house of

God is the house of Peace.

While several old members of every church are voted narrow-minded because they object to throwing a church open to sacred concepts and socials and grab-bag enterprises, it cannot be denied that they are in a great measure, right, contemplating as they do, to maintain the holy reverence for an edifice, which though built of the same stone as the theater or the conventional hall, is dedicated to a holier purpose.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

The questions of tariff and of labor are very closely allied as everybody admits, but the question of money is just as ultimately allied to that of labor. Upon the tariff question the various aspirants to the presidency show no hesitancy in defining their positions. Touching the money question no candidate knows where he stands, or knowing dares not affirm. The reason for this apparently antithetical problem will be found in the fact that these candidates have not been able to conclude as to the conclusion of others. On the tariff the line is drawn; on the money question, the great majority are for more money, but the pressure is such that majorities hesitate to declare their convictions, not out of fear of the power of the controllers of gold, but from a fear that, possibly, all the calamities prophesied by those who ought to know may really come to pass should silver be remonetized, and their last predicament become worse than the first.

So the American people have their studying caps on. In the meantime Harrison left his home again for the east last Saturday, and Alger is also in New York. Allison and McKinley and Reed are each intensely feeling the pulse of their respective states, but keeping an eye on the east. Depew and Armour, both recognized as great factors but not as personal aspirants, have both sailed for Europe. Morton is an outspoken goldbug, and Sherman is no more thought of, being acceptable only to Wall street.

In short the leaders are waiting to be led—it is a campaign of fear and cowardice.

CUPID AND BILL DOOLIN.

The Eagle's old friend, Bill Doolin, the outlaw, is in a peculiar predicament. While Bill was going through a train, dividing up his wealth with through passengers and equalizing the circulating medium of his particular part of the country, he was overtaken by a dark-blue piece of hard luck. It is necessary to give a complete account of the situation at that exact moment to properly understand Mr. Doolin's trouble. One of Mr. Doolin's friends had a large, adult weapon pressed passionately against the bosom of the engineer; another companion had the fireman locked in the baggage car; another still was sitting on the African regent of the Pullman car. Bill himself was superintending the conductor and brakeman, they accompanying him, directly in front, and in such a position, that, if murdered, they would fall comfortably at full length in the aisle.

At that time it was impossible for Bill Doolin to be harmed, so he thought. Every point of attack was covered. He felt as safe as he would have in his own deserted cabin in the dark wilderness of Payne county, Oklahoma. As he passed up the aisle scratching the seams of the passengers' pockets for free gold, he suddenly looked into the blue eyes of Miss Bailey, a school teacher. The black heart of the desperado boiled with some portentous change. The blue eyes before him shivered a spray of violet love-light upon him, and a small naked youngster, with curly hair and dimpled chin perched himself on top of the nearest seat and bent his bow.

At this moment the engineer was still in close communion with the muzzle of a revolver; the porter prostrate; the fireman imprisoned, and the conductor and brakeman harmless, but the unclothed youngster stood free and unguarded and with a twang he let the arrow fly that sank deep into the heart of Bill.

No more trains have been held up since then. Bill Doolin had not been heard from until he was discovered paying attentions to Miss Bailey, a school teacher near Durand. She was reforming him, it is said. Discovered by the deputy marshals, both have fled. The affair proves what Doolin's friends have claimed—that he was a better man than he showed himself to be. It does not ask a pedicure of lineage, a certificate of morality, or an exemption from future trouble.

NOT ALL A JOKE.

A writer on a Topeka daily, having evidently lashed up on drug-store slush, slops over on wicked Wichita bowdlering the want of morality upon the part of this people, the worthlessness of our police commissioners and the utter unreliability of the city marshal and police force. He takes on so terribly that the suspicion is awakened that there is about to be issued a call for another convention at Topeka. The writer demands a new police force and the immediate removal of the present marshal and board of commissioners, suggesting that the Topeka police force be sent down here to clean things up and out.

Wichita has had about all of Topeka that she wants this season. In addition to Topeka's dictation, through the governor, they sent their attorney general here. We don't want her police, but there is nothing in the law to prevent Morrill from sending them down, and no one need be surprised to see these red-nosed lovers of law and order here any morning. Morrill will do anything that Topeka demands, and notwithstanding the fact Topeka carries seventy-nine government licenses to sell liquors, there is not a man in the town who dares deny anything that the papers demand. It was Topeka that closed up the joints in Atchison and who has picked up orders to all the county attorneys in the state. Topeka, through her state asylums, courts officials, printing, etc., drawing

thousands of dollars daily from the state treasury is left free to look after the state's morals, politics and religion. And she does it. So long as Topeka dominates the state Wichita need expect no favors at the hands of railway commissioners, or of the state administration, not even of railway corporations, and as Topeka unquestionably holds such clench there seems nothing left for Wichita but to submit, even to the sending upon her of the Topeka police. This is also a pointer for Leavenworth for which we charge nothing, but which the people of that city will find true, and within a very short time.

THE COAL-HEAVER A MUSICIAN.

Cy Wartman, the author of a "rather ancient but still popular song, 'Sweet Marie,'" surprised some friends the other day by declaring that he was at one time a fireman on a Rocky mountain railroad, in fact that he served many years at that occupation. "Sweet Marie" is still a little love song. It is very pretty and very simple. It can be whistled easily and has a sentiment in it. Consequently it became very popular. The "funny men" on the newspapers who attack everything and everybody, have made fun of the song from the time it was salable enough to be worthy of note.

The public did not know that its author had been a railroad stoker. Now that the public does know it, it will be glad of it.

The metropolitan papers and the syllabub magazines have a great deal to say about one gentleman who has the Saint Vitus' dance in his name—Mr. Dvorak. Mr. Dvorak has been delegated by the common consent of these big newspapers and wish-washy magazines to find this country a new national song. Mr. Dvorak has been rummaging around on the scale for something that will fit us. He hasn't found it. He never will.

The "Star Spangled Banner" is good enough anyway. However, if it becomes absolutely necessary for the life of the Republic that we have a new national song, the author of some "Sweet Marie" or "Anne Rooney" will compose it.

This is a government of the people, and it is but natural to suppose that our music will come from the people. The Dvoraks and Paderewskis and Scharwenkas and Rezskes are not of this country. People in the cities go to hear them because it is a fad, just as it was the fad at one time to pay \$500 for a tulip. These alphabetical spasms skip their musical inspirations from absinthe and summer vacations, and cigarettes. They cannot find the music of this people. But the man who hangs out the cab of an engine and draws his inspiration from the ring of the steel rails, and the rhythmic hiss of the exhaust, and an old pipe applepie with nicotine, and the dreams of a blue-eyed girl at the end of his run, can write a national song and some day will.

TO MAKE BIG MAP.

The magnitude of the approaching Sixth International Geographical congress in London, this month, will attract unusual attention throughout the world to the immense strides which that much publicly neglected science has been making within the past decade. The wide range of topics which will come up for discussion will open the eyes of the hitherto unreflective citizen to the deep value of geographical study. Modern civilization has never acknowledged its just debt of gratitude due to such untiring investigators as Dr. John Murray, Admiral Clement Markham and their distinguished compeers. Only within recent years in America has Dr. Justin Winsor, of Harvard university, educated the popular thought of this country to the historical significance of geographical study. The handfall of a Columbus is easy enough of comprehension, but it requires slow, diligent scholarship to disclose the romance and glory hidden behind the old Map-mongers, the ancient atlases and the exploring charts of the adventurous mariners of the past.

In his recent works Historian Winsor has revealed by means of these geographical documents the romance of America. The fate of America has been decided in its most important features by the discoveries of the St. Lawrence river and the Mississippi basin. Strangely enough, these two great water highways of the continent are divided in their original watersheds near the great lakes by only a stone's throw, so to speak. Thus the French having pushed up the St. Lawrence in search of the Northwestern sea, it fell to their lot to discover the Mississippi and plant New France even in Louisiana. Had the Spanish only realized what a great interior river was emptying that muddy current into the Gulf of Mexico, they would undoubtedly have reached the great lakes before the Jesuits. The romance of New France would probably never have occurred, and American history would have been decidedly different.

The coming congress will be forever notable on account of M. Andre's account of his balloon plans for an expedition to the North Pole. Geographical enterprise now adds the air to land and water, and it will not be surprising to behold aerial navigation become a great factor in geographical discovery in the near future. A magnificent deed for cartography will also be performed by this congress if it shall authorize the construction of Dr. Penck's proposed international map of the world on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000, or of 16 statute miles to an inch.

WALL STREET'S WAY.

Wall street not only in not earning anything absorbs everything, but dodges its share of the burdens of taxation. It has just transpired in a New York court that capitalists evade the payment of taxes by transferring their securities, bonds and stocks, for a season so that they are enabled to swear that on a given day they were not possessed of such and such values. Of course they, morally, at least swear to a lie, but that character of men care nothing so long as there is no penalty attached and they escape their taxes. It would seem that the common peo-

ple have enough to bear without carrying the only burden known to wealth. It is such outrages as that developed by the testimony in the New York court which strengthens the popular feeling against the single clenchers and gold-bug monopolists of Wall street.

It now and then waddles athwart our memory the things which George Martin was predicting for prohibition some fourteen years ago. They have all come to pass and more too, but in waiting George got tired and declaring that he was lonesome went to training with the other side. The Junction City "owls," no doubt have long since fled, but George now lives in a town where prohibition being nothing more than a pretense the fight for its enforcement is to the knife and the knife to the hilt. When the officials shall have wearied in well doing and the cry for blood shall have been appeased a new crop of jointers will serenely open out at the old stands while the taxpayers whack up for the former fun of others.

A NEW WOMAN WHITES.

To the Editor of the Eagle.
 We all feel very keenly the fact that there are certain things in this world which are not exactly right. To our minds their wrong, and we are ready to applaud anyone who says so and attempts to right them.

I am now going to speak (if the Eagle will be kind enough to give me a little space) of one of the many things which I think should be different. It is this: The young lady about in place of the man, select and choose her partner in life. Why should not she—as well as her brother—write her dainty note and desire the company of her choice?

A mantle of modesty is a shield which protects the wearer, as can no other safeguard, against all immodest approaches. She can still retain that safe-guard—she need not lose her modesty—she can ask any young man to accompany her to this or that place of interest or entertainment, and still retain her modesty and sweetness.

When a different society we would have, what different young men; all would strive to become unsophisticated young men; for our girls, the desirable girl, the home girl (for which we are in much need), would ask no young man to accompany her who is known to be of loose morals, and whose character has the stain of crime upon.

Any thinking mind can easily reason it out that it lies with our women, far more than with our men, to right things in this world. Woman is the moral power. She is the axis upon which generations must turn. She is the power of the world to-day. As she points, so events will tend; not as a leader herself, but as a creator of leaders.

God who created them both, placed man and woman upon the same moral plane. In his sight there is no distinction. Society, however, has long accepted a double standard of morality.

Mothers of dissipated sons often seek consolation in the thought that "by and by, when they have sown their wild oats they will settle down and become very steady and exemplary men." I want to say to such mothers that they are cherishing a fatal deception.

"Wild oats" are a very bad crop to sow. "For whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." There is not a single good seed in a thousand bushel of "wild oats." The product of wild oats is wild oats as surely as the product of wheat is wheat, and of corn is corn.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

Yes, stone the woman, let the man go free! Draw back your skirts lest they, perchance May touch her garments as she passes; But to him put forth a willing hand. To clasp with his that led her to destruction And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred Ways of hell, that she may no more win an Honest meal, but ope to him all honorable Paths where he may win distinction. Give him fair, pressed-down measures Of life's sweetest joys. Pass her, Oh, maiden, with a pure, proud face, If she puts out a poor, polluted palm; But lay thy hand in his on bridal day, And swear to cling to him With wisely love and tender reverence; Trust him who led a sister woman To a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman, let the man go free! Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two, Is the doctrine of a hurried world. Too out of breath for holding balances Where nice distinctions and injustices Are calmly weighed. But ah! how will it be

On that strange day of final fire and flame, Where men shall stand before the one True Judge? Shall we make then A difference in sin? Shall He, The searcher of the hidden heart, In His eternal and Divine decree, Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

Mrs. Silver of Watonga, is aged 15, and she has just one baby.

The Pawnee Times-Democrat is for sale for \$1.50, and the boys say that is cheap.

Williams, the one man who was panning on Hoggy creek, has given up in disgust.

There is a young lady at Woodward who is said to be Bill Bolton's "nearest-best."

Governor Renfrow started for Arkansas, but he has wound up in Colorado all right.

Myrtle Murdock of Mulhall, is the latest to take an abode at Norman, going to the asylum.

Do those two deputy marshals who let Bittel escape get their mileage for taking him to Brooklyn?

A farmer in the Kingfisher Free Press is out advocating that Oklahoma build a corn palace this fall.

The gold story is so dead that the Denver papers did not even interview Governor Renfrow on Hoggy creek.

The executive committee of the Oklahoma Press association has arranged a program for the August meeting.

The son of Jacob Van Cleave at Chandler is in a very dangerous condition, the result of being bitten by a copperhead.

McNamara & Co

Successors to MUNSON & McNAMARA.

The greatest sale in our recollection is going on here now. We must reduce our general stock before tearing down our premises for the purpose of adding more room.

We want to boom business during this month. The best way to make business grow is to make it pay you. That's what we are doing during this great sale. You must see qualities to judge prices.

The great 33 inch Crepe Grenadine is sold today at 5c a yard; Lawn Tissues, 5c; Woven Dimities, 9c; Finest Percales, 9c; Illuminated Crepons, 9c; Fine Organdies, 3.3-4c; Good Challies, 2.1-2c; Fine 11-4 Toilet Quilts, 77c; Men's forty-eight cent all silk Ties, 19c; Good all linen Crash, 5c a yard; 40 and 50 cent Laces at 19c. A big cut in all Dress Goods and Silks.

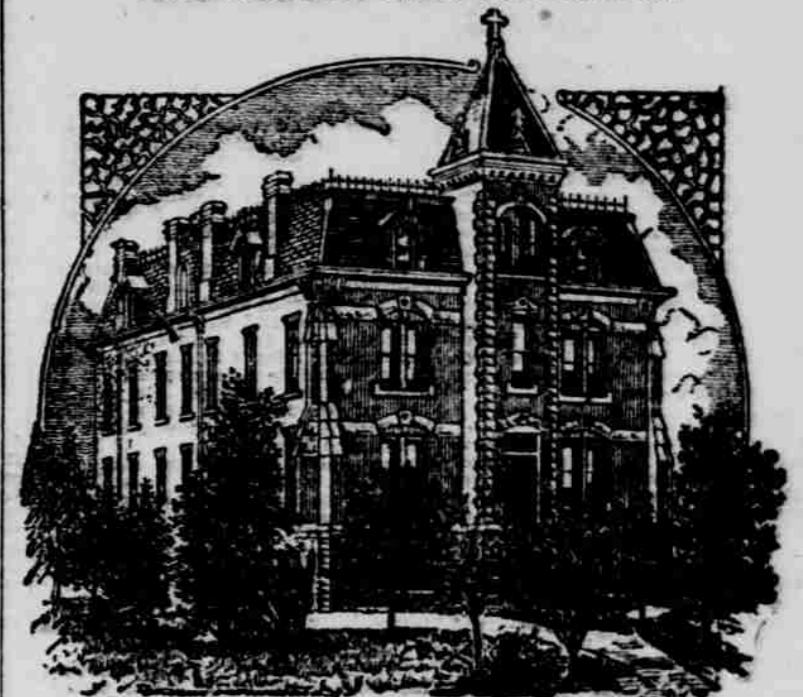
Millinery of all kinds 1-2 price. Capes of all kinds 1-2 price.

You can't make a mistake if you trade here.

McNamara's

ALL HALLOWS ACADEMY

FOR SCHOOL YEAR OF 1894-95.



WICHITA, KANSAS.

This Academy, established in 1887, is a boarding school for girls. It possesses every advantage that parents can desire for the general improvement of their children. The site is attractive and as experience has proven, most advantageous for the promotion of good health. The grounds are spacious, affording means for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise. The course of study includes everything necessary for a complete and systematic training in all the branches of a refined and practical education. The Academy Conservatory affords every facility for attaining the highest proficiency in Music and Art.

For particulars, address SISTER SUPERIOR, All Hallows Academy, Wichita, Kan.

No Stops! No Waits!

Largest Summer trade we have ever experienced. Every day selling at low prices causes this constant stir at the ever popular

Boston = Store.

Received Yesterday, on Sale Today.

More than Five Thousand Pieces of Glassware bought at an enormous sacrifice. See them displayed; see the small price marked on them.

Bulletin of Bargains THIS WEEK.

Good yard-wide Bleached Muslin,	4c
Going at.....	
Splendid Hair Cloth,	5c
Cleaning out at.....	
Good Felted Dress Lining,	10c
Going at.....	
250 pieces Standard Dress Cassin,	3c
All colors.....	
Thousands of yards of Lawns, many styles,	2c
Going at.....	
A lot of Black Dotted Swiss—value 25c	7c
Clearing up price.....	
Light ground Print Satine—worth 25c	7c
Clearing up price.....	
China Blue Satine—white stripe, polka dots—worth 25c	7c
Clearing up price.....	
Cream ground Satines with Heliotrope and colored figures—	7c
Worth 25c—Clearing up price.....	
Colored Dimities with Lavender and colored figures—	5c
Worth 15c—Clearing up price.....	

Our Bargain Tables

Show the Following Values:

A nice quality of Debeige Suiting.	4c
To clean up at.....	
50 pieces good Print,	2c
Desirable patterns at.....	
25 pieces Cheviot Shirting,	2c
A splendid thing for the money.....	
50 pieces Standard Dress Gingham,	4c
Clearing up at.....	
45 pieces nice Cream and Tan ground Challies, good styles	3c
Out to.....	
1,000 yards of French Zephyr Gingham,	7c
We sold them early at 20 and 25c—go at.....	

Are Marked Very Cheap.

50 pieces of Black Belting reached us this week. Also 20 gross Belt Pins. You have been anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Mr. Fuentoro Tokono thinks the commitment of the lower classes of Japanese a great misfortune. Their attitude simply which foreigners admire he considers a great obstacle to progress, and he thinks it the imperative duty of Japanese friends of humanity to agitate until the Japanese labor becomes as discontented as American.

Those who have visited the Cliff House, near San Francisco, will remember as one of the principal attractions of the place the big room called "Ben Butler," and will be sorry to hear that he floated in with the tide a few days ago, and died of wounds received in a fight on the sea rocks. He weighed 400 pounds and was 32 feet long and